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How She Felt—

In Her

—First Corset.



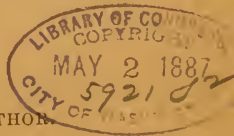


HOW SHE FELT
IN HER
FIRST CORSET
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
MATT. W. ALDERSON.

Let all thy actions have a motive true ;
Inwardly feel and love whate'er you do ;
Naught but wrong acts e'er cause the blush of shame,
And, right yourself, then scorn another's blame.

—
BUTTE, MONTANA:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1887.



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HOW SHE FELT IN HER FIRST CORSET.

IT occurred at Belgrade, where the genial Tom
Quaw,
Gave a party, the first that the town ever saw;
The youth and the beauty, the tillers of soil,
Attended that night, seeking surcease from toil.

There were farmers whose hair had a tinge of the
gray;
There were maidens than whom none were ever
more gay;
There were youths who could ride anything that
wears hair,
And matrons whose faces showed lines of dull care.

Of the ladies who on this occasion took part,
Some were dressed in the nobbiest style of the art;
And the others, unmindful of fashion's decrees,
Were attired to have much more comfort and ease.

HOW SHE FELT IN HER FIRST CORSET.

There was one blushing damsel, just budding
sixteen,
Whose waist by a corset ne'er encircled had been,
But whose mother insisted that on such a night
One should find a place there, and the lacing be
tight.

So the girl was rigged out as the mother desired,
But of dancing 'twas noticed the damsel soon
tired,
"What's the matter?" was asked by some one at
her side.

"I feel just like bucking," the maiden replied.

A LOVER'S VALENTINE.

SWEETHEART of mine,
A valentine,

In duty bound, I send thee,
And wish that joy,
Free from alloy,
May evermore attend thee.

Near, or apart,
Still may thy heart
To mine in friendship nestle;
For strong and free,
In love for thee,
'Gainst countless foes I'd wrestle.

Since I am thine,
Pray do be mine,
My heart prompts me to ask thee;
Thy charming face,
And matchless grace,
I own have quite possessed me.

TO THOSE WHO HOLD THE GUIDING REINS.

I HAVE observed a steed, proud-spirited,
Lashed by a cruel driver till the sweat
Stood out in beaded drops upon his side;
And, oftentimes, tears have welled up in my eyes
As in my mind I've pictured human hearts
Lashed thus by cruel words and goaded on.
Then when, at other times, the same proud steed
Has passed along the street with arched neck,
With every motion breathing force and vim,
I've noticed kindness held the guiding reins
And kept in check the zealous prancer's power.
My mind has pictured then, with kindlier glow,
A heart ambitious, far too keen to go,
Kept by sweet loving words in proper bounds;
And deepest gratitude, at such a time,
Wells up for those who hold the guiding reins.

HIS FACE IS HIS FORTUNE.

“HIS face is his fortune;”
Yes, seldom we see
One for “tick” importune,
As boldly as he.

Like one who has riches
Acquired by gift,
He laughs at the stitches
Of gainer by thrift,

For face is his treasure,
And why keep in bank?
One cannot find pleasure
With pocket-book lank.

So credit he uses
Where'er it will pass,
And always abuses
The laboring class.

HIS FACE IS HIS FORTUNE.

But "cheek" is like iron
That's coated with tin,
It has a nice face on,
But one rather thin.

TRUE LOVE.

And little dreaming that its folds
No fragrance did enclose:
But so the after years have shown,
And blighted hearts are found
Where once affection reigned supreme,
And spread its joys around.

He loved her, but he never thought
That love should be expressed,
And slights that caused her keenest pain,
He never once redressed;
To me he often wished he'd been
To her a better man;
But urged to tell his wife as much,
He would not brook the plan.

Oh, ye! on whom some heart depends,
For all its store of bliss,
Withhold not from that tender soul
The loving word and kiss;
But, give expression to your love,
And make its bliss complete,
By giving those within your home
Unfettered love to greet.

WE'VE GROWN APART IN ALL THESE YEARS.

WE were firm friends in years gone by,
Were classmates at the school,
And kept each other company,
Against the master's rule.

For he was righteous and he taught:
"No boys with girls shall play!"
I wonder if he really thought
They'd lead us all astray.

"No messages shall pass between
The scholars in this school!
And, woe to him who first is seen
To violate this rule!"

By fear and awe were all oppressed
And knew not what to do:
But I, more bold than all the rest,
Sent Kate my billets-doux.

WE'VE GROWN APART IN ALL THESE YEARS.

She answered them, and sweeter notes
A lover never read;
I've often wondered since that time
They never turned my head.

And when our daily tasks were o'er,
Away from school we ran
To meet within some leafy dell
And both our futures plan.

But now she meets me with reserve,
No welcome, as of yore;
No parting with a warm embrace,
No kisses at the door.

Another fellow charms her now;
She's children pert and tripper
And, many a time, upon her knee,
She spansks them with her slipper.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

CHAPTER I—PRODUCTION.

A youth, not handsome from an outward view,
Whose features stern belied the mellowness
That dwelt behind his earnest, steadfast look,
Delved in his heart upon a summer day
And found therein a narrow vein of love.
The prospect pleased, and on development
He found the mine was rich. For years he worked
And piled in heaps the ore upon the dump.
Deep 'neath the mountain ridges of his heart
He branched out levels on the silvered streak,
And found almost exhaustless hidden wealth.
He sought association, and he found
A friend who brought the skill to treat the ore.
He wasted not the wealth by labor won,
But, when refined, he stored the bricks away,

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Until within himself there was no space,
And he was but a treasure house of love.

CHAPTER II—EXCHANGE.

The youth is lost. Behold, on manhood's verge,
Our hero now. A market for his ware
He seeks at home in vain. There smallest coins
Supply the daily needs, and he must seek
A distant shore, and one to coin his wealth.
Undauntedly, despite unbroken paths,
Unheeding storms and floods, he presses on
To reach her side. An aged man stands guard,
And yet he marches up the walks unchecked.
His very boldness awes. A maiden there
Is pleased with what he brings, and from her heart
She gladly pays him golden coin therefor.
She mints her boughten wealth, and later on
They meet again. They ride the garden gate.
Proximity, free trade promote exchange.
She pays him back his own, each coin a kiss.
The market steady rules, demand is strong.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Supply exhaustless. 'Tis called a fair exchange,
And yet they both are richer made thereby.

CHAPTER III—CONSUMPTION.

Beneath her father's roof we see them next,
And at the altar plight their faith—each heart
By love firm bound, and yet by love left free.
The years roll by and for the staff of life
They live on love. They need conveniences,
And love provides them all. Their luxuries
Are daily feasts of love. There are some days
When, overcome by care and household toils,
Her heart is faint, but when she seeks his side
She meets love's sweet caress and cheering kiss,
And wonders that her spirits ever drooped.
He never leaves her side but with a kiss,
And, when they meet again, he clasps her form
And plants love's token on her waiting lips.
Would'st thou the secret know, of happy homes?
'Tis gallantries like these that make them so.
At times when prostrate on her bed she lays,

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

She makes sad inroads on his stock of wealth;
Still, freely, lavishly he gives it her,
And woos her back to health again, thro' love.
About the hearth a troop of children comes,
And as he soothes and cheers their restless hearts,
His garnered wealth, like snow, fast melts away.
The mine can be depended on no more;
Old age creeps on apace, and in his heart
He feels the strained timbers giving 'way.
He feeds now on the wealth in other days
Invested where 'twould bring a safe return.
With tottering steps yet proud he walks the streets,
And still has smiles for everyone he meets.

CHAPTER IV—DISTRIBUTION.

Upon his bed with withered, palsied frame,
Behold an aged man! A life well spent
Is drawing to a close. About him stand
The loved ones of his home. They prop him up
As with a halting voice, yet clear, he speaks:
"My treasured store of love will soon be yours.
Waste not the capital I leave behind

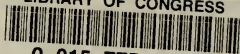
POLITICAL ECONOMY.

In shedding bitter tears above my grave;
I shall not feel thy love, and if I should,
'Twould make me sad to see you weeping there;
As thou dost love me, seek and cheer the hearts
That find life's road a sad and lonesome way;
My dying wish, yes children, my command,
Is that you love—yes, love—each oth—er here.”
He breathes no more.

The last sad rites performed,
The hearts bereaved return with saddened step
And enters once again upon life's tasks.
The father's dying wish rings in their ears;
They check the flow of tears and rise above
The grief that bends them low. Love flows again,
And on the gates the youths and maidens fair
Are gaily swinging back and forth once more,
Fresh coinage from the mint is passing now,
And, as we walk the streets, upon the air
There rings a sound that proves the metal true.



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